

True to dope from hole number nine,
September seventh we fell in line.
Captain says "Boys we are moving again,
So enroute to Camp Jackson we got on the train.

And there we landed without delay
To be three twenty one U. S. N. A.
With nothing to do but shovel and dig,
Till Earnest and Easter got in the brig.

Bill had "Whisky" everything went fine:
Chop got drunk on Beef Iron and Wine:
Nick had a 'possum dog dear to his heart;
For the sake of a quart he with him did part.

A good old fight everybody loves,
So Lock and Garret put on the gloves
To settle things now and forever more,
Because at each other they were sore.

Charlie got a Gold Leaf and left us by Jo,
And next for us was Captain Benbow,
And Lieutenant Shugart; with Max as top kick,
C. C. pills when you got sick.

On the twenty fifth of May nineteen eighteen
We assembled again both fat and lean,
And marched to Sevier in five days and a half;
It wasn't a joke but caused many a laugh.

We drilled some more and shot some more crap:
All got a pass to go home and see Pap,
For we knew we would leave most any minute,
To go to the other side and all get in IT.

On the nineteenth of July, when it was hot and dry,
We left for Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y.
After a long tiresome ride, (no one had a bunk)
We arrived at Jersey City, where Bob got drunk.

He would cut out Larrick's heart and at him giggle:
Stamp him like a worm and let him wiggle.
Tighty made a speech that lasted three hours
On the Great World War and European Powers.

When we arrived at Camp Mills, we got new clothes;
An overseas cap to sunburn our nose;
Spiral Puttees (we couldn't wear them before)
And a lot of other things to make our backs sore.

We all got a pass to see the Big City,
Twas a lot of fun, but, oh, what a pity,
We couldn't buy a drink in a soldiers suit,
So had to depend on the boot-leg boot.